

Log in | Sign up





THE TRUE STORY OF THE HONEY ISLAND **SWAMP MONSTER**









Chapter 1 by Unkie

FIRST -- THE HISTORY

A famous legend from Louisiana tells of a frightening hominid that stalks the deepest recesses of the bayou. The monster is said to be around seven feet tall, with strange amber eyes and a coat of matted grey hair.

Eyewitnesses claim the creature resembles a man and is capable of running, swimming and even climbing trees, but its most distinctive feature is its putrid scent, which some say resembles the smell of a rotting carcass.

The Honey Island Swamp Monster first got attention in 1974, when hunters Harlan E. Ford and Ray Mills found giant four-toed footprints next to a dead hog with its throat ripped open. Ford later caught the creature on film, and since then many trappers, fishermen and hunters have told tales of spotting it in remote sloughs of the bayou.

NOW, FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT, CHAPTER 1

See more of Story Wars

or

After doing research on the Swamp Monster, I decided to travel to Honey Island located in the Louisiana bayou to find out for myself if this legend is fact or fiction.

I took a boat tour around the island to get an idea of places to check out, then went out on my own. It was nearing two weeks, and nothing.

Today I rented a boat and I'm near the SouthEast end of the island. I spotted a landing, tied up, and went on a walk. This was at 8:00am. It's now 10:00am. It's humid here and lots of bugs. I KNEW I should have sprayed myself down, I'm thinking to myself.

Wait...Did I just hear something or is that a limb falling down?? I'm turning on my voice recorder just in case, so I can describe what was around me and happening.

There.. Again I'm looking, can't see a thing.

There It Is! YES, YES, t's an odd form, , I can't figure out what it is, or exactly what it is doing. It looks harmless enough, but I'm going to move in a little closer for a better look.

I don't think it sees me. I'm moving closer....much closer...much too close I think, but I have to find out....what..this...is....Hmmm

WHAT THE ???? NO.....HELP....HELP ME... NO...NOOOOoooo!

CRUNCH

Chapter 2 by AJ Blanco



The recording ended and everyone sitting around the small table was visibly shaken. Usually we wouldn't be this nervous about a case, but since the increase in paranormal and mythic killings, everything seemed to be a little more tense. There was little proof to prove that this 'Swamp Monster' actually killed the researcher. All the authorities could find were blood stained clothing and the voice recorder.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

maybe the neighborhood kids staging this for some screen time." I nodded and took it into thought.

Chapter 3 by Matthew



As I walked home later that night, my head was filled with cases to choose from.

There was the one on the tape, of course, but many other cases had been looked over as well. There was the crazed killer, described as a tall man-about seven feet tall-with long grey hair, who was seen ripping apart an old man, before fleeing quickly. This occured at 9:53 pm

yesterday.

Another case was one easily solved, a robbery. This robbery happened at a house near the place of the old man's death-56 Tubula Rd. In the morning the owners found their family cat torn to shreds, the door torn off the hinges, half their food gone, and their \$200,000 kitchen destroyed. That sounded a bit far-fetched, but we should still investigate.

The last one occured next door, 58 Tubula Rd, where a family woke up to find their hen house destroyed, blood and feathers everywhere, in some places there was clumps of the stuff. But when they examined closer, they saw the tufts, of thick, grey hair.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

1 You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Write a comment



or



The first three chapters are wonderful and hold interest outside a few adjustments they should stay as they are.

About | Rooms | Feedback | 🕶 🕥 💟

See more of Story Wars

Login

or